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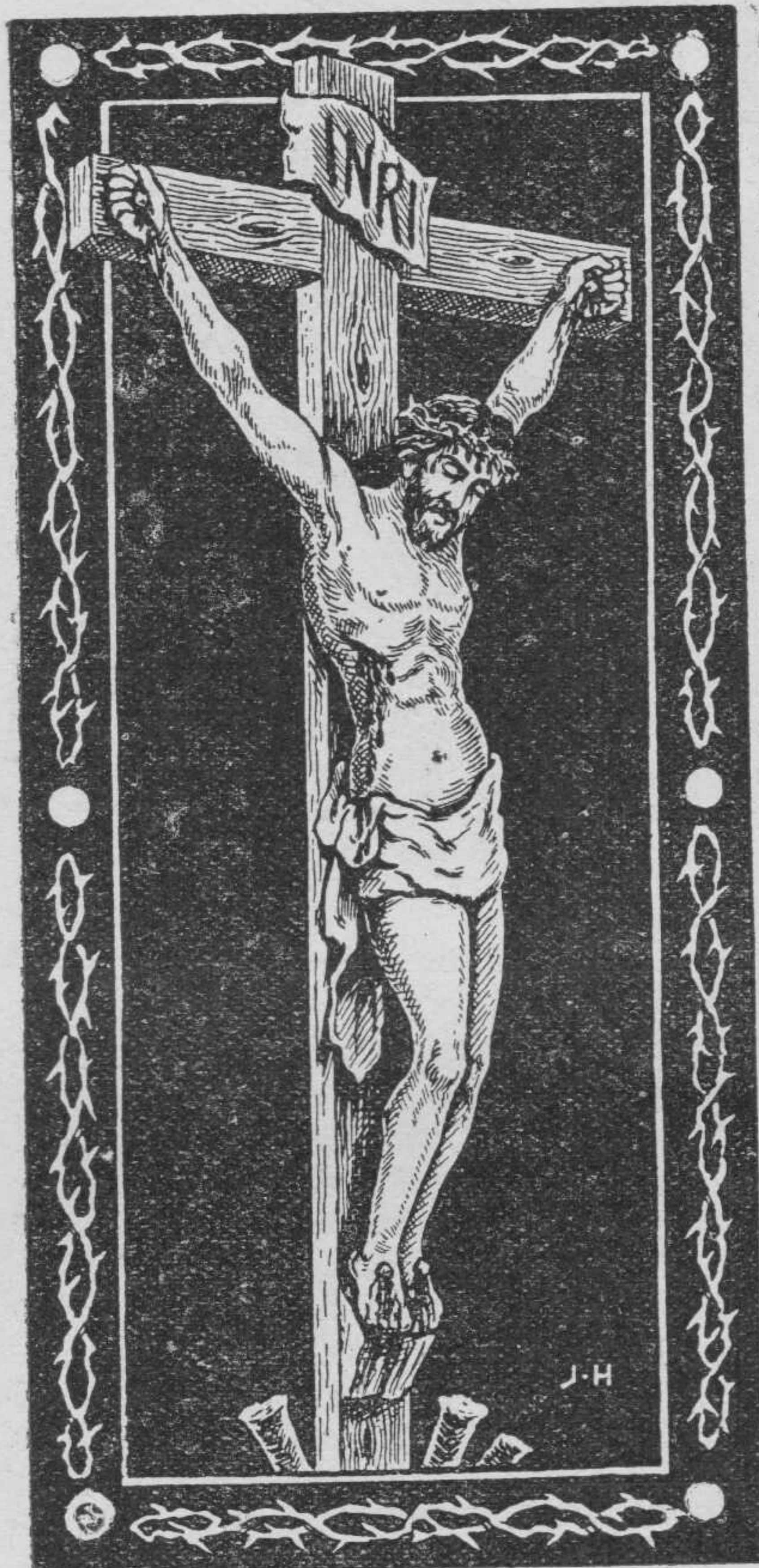
## A Crucifix.

Lo, here, a volume wherein God hath writ  
His mighty tale of love, eternal, deep—  
Deeper than ocean in its rhythmic sleep,  
Leagues off from lands that feel the pulse of it;  
More ancient than the wondrous fire that's lit  
To cherish earth: love that, in time, did reap  
Measureless sorrow,—love and sorrow keep  
A balance true: even so must love submit.  
O Calvary, and far Gethsemane!  
O gentle, yielded Life—O crimson Rain!  
Fast locked in silver, wood or ivory,  
Fold within fold, O mystery of pain!  
Lord Christ, if I should murmur, read to me  
The crucifix: I'll suffer nor complain.

MAUD HODGSON.



## The Liturgy of Good Friday.



THE words Good Friday have a homely ring. From childhood we have heard them each year when the happy spring time brought in again the hallowed day. For the Catholic it is "a day of days," by reason both of the love and sacrifice it commemorates, and the marvellous ceremonial by which they are commemorated. The Church indeed has not made it a holiday of obligation; is this because there is no consecration, and consequently, strictly speaking, no Mass, or because she could not think that any of her children would absent themselves from that Mass of the Pre-sanctified in which the death of our Lord on His Cross for them is so touchingly shown forth?

The ceremony is clearly divided into four parts: the Passion, the eight prayers, the unveiling of the Cross, and the Mass. The two notes of desolation and sorrow are struck at the very start. In the direct-

ness and intensity of their expression, the rite is oriental—the unadorned sanctuary, the unlit candles, the altar without cloth or book—the three ministers in plain white albs and black vestments lying prostrate and in silence before the bare altar: it is like a page from Jeremias or Isaias, or the sorrowing of the priests when the Holy of Holies had been profaned by Assyrian or Roman. The silence at length is broken by the reading of two Lessons: one from Osee, telling of the death and resurrection of Christ, and of His mercy "as the morning light;" and the other from Exodus, how the destroying angel slew the first-born of man and beast in Egypt wherever the door-posts were not sprinkled with the blood of the lamb. These prepare for the narrative of the mystery of suffering and love celebrated to-day. And which of the four shall it be? Surely, none will suffice us except his, the Beloved Disciple's, who reposed on Jesus' bosom at the supper, and saw His agony in the garden, saw and heard Him mocked in the hall of Caiphas, and was standing beside the



Cross when He died; who wrote it for us, when long years of loving contemplation had changed its dread pictures to dear memories. The plain incisive chant carries us quickly through the sad story, but ever and anon its rising note of expectation warns us to listen to some words of actors in the scene, or its sad falling cadence invites us to hear some words of Eternal Life, and thus the great mother tells her children once more the old story of God's infinite love they never tire of.

In the second part of the ceremony the Church, touched to the heart by the memory of His death, immediately starts praying for those for whom Christ has died. The chanting of the Passion has re-awaked her sense of her world-wide commission. The Celebrant, in words and music hallowed by fifteen centuries of use, sings aloud the object of each prayer and an invitation to all to join him in it; the Deacon calls on them to kneel down for a moment in suppliant humiliation before God; then the Sub-deacon tells them to rise again—for standing is the proper attitude for liturgical prayer—because they have to join in mind and heart with the supplication of the priest, read aloud that they may devoutly follow. In these eight prayers the whole living world of to-day passes before us, receiving the aid of our entreaty for the graces of Redemption; the Church herself, the Vicar of Christ happily reigning, all Bishops, Priests, Deacons, Sub-deacons, Acolytes, Exorcists, Readers, Door-keepers, Confessors, Virgins, Widows, and all the holy people of God; then those under instruction, those in danger, heretics, schismatics, Jews and pagans. Before the prayer for the Jews we do not kneel, for our hearts are full of loving pity for Him before Whom they knelt in mockery in the hall of Caiphas' palace on that sad morning. When the Church gathers her children round her on Good Friday morning to pray for the world, surely He is in their midst Who was crucified for the world.

Having prayed for all redeemed by the Crucified, the Church in the third part of to-day's ceremonial solemnly uncovers the image of Our Lord nailed to His Cross, and bids us first gaze upon Him, "Whom we have pierced," then kissing its feet lovingly, adore Him through His Cross. It has been hidden from our sight for twelve days to be displayed now as her most precious treasure—like the veil of Veronica to His friends on the first Good Friday. When the Celebrant, having taken off his chasuble, stands there waiting, and the Deacon in his white alb and broad purple stole brings to him the veiled crucifix, we know well what is beneath that purple veil, and already hear the whisper, "What are those wounds in Thy hands and feet." From the Cross held facing us at the foot of the altar-steps the veil partly falls, and there is the drooping thorn-crowned head, and the pale tear-stained face of Our Lord. We hear the chant of the priest, "Behold the wood of the Cross on which hung the Salvation of the world," and we join in the chorus, "Come, let us adore." From a higher step, and in a higher note, the same invitation and



answer, and now we see the outstretched arms and the pierced hands. Again, for a third time, and His whole figure is revealed, held aloft to our gaze, saying to us, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself." Then all must kiss His feet: clergy, altar-boys, and people, men, women and children; His friends, with the ease and sweetness of habit, the struggling to draw strength, and the sad to receive comfort, the sinning to have some hold on salvation; old faces bend down beaten and furrowed by the passing of the years, and children follow wondering at the thin feet under the black nail, and not thinking that it is these have made their souls white as the angels'. It takes time, of course, but what else is Good Friday for? Why are the shops shut, and work ceased except for this? Nor is it monotonous, for listen: While the Crucified lies there, "reputed with the wicked," helpless, dead; the strong protest comes, first in the sweet Greek of the East, then in the familiar Latin of the West, "O Holy God, O Holy Strong One, O Holy Immortal One, have mercy on us." After which we listen to the plaintive chant of the "Reproaches," taking to ourselves these pathetic appeals of Our Saviour, "My people, what have I done to thee, or in what have I grieved thee! Answer me."

When the "adoration" of the Cross is finishing, the lighting of the six large Mass candles tells us that Jesus Crucified yet living for evermore, will in a few moments be upon His altar again, really present with us. The procession to the altar of repose is in silence, quick, business-like; but the return is the triumphant march of the King of Glory to His own sanctuary. His standard of the Cross borne at its head, the many lights, the fragrant incense, the music of that noblest song of victory, the "Vexilla Regis," all are proclaiming aloud the triumph of Life over Death. The garb of mourning will not do, even to-day, for the Lord of Life; over his black vestment, the Celebrant must wear now the white silken humeral veil, whose ends cover the chalice that holds the Sacred Host consecrated yesterday, and over it must be borne the white canopy. The Mass that follows is called of the Pre-sanctified, because the Host upon the altar has been already consecrated. Incense is offered, the Blessed Sacrament is lifted up for our adoration, the Pater Noster is chanted, and the beautiful paraphrase of its concluding words, "but free us from evil," usually said in a low tone, are said aloud for all to hear. With one brief prayer before and one afterwards, the Celebrant receives Holy Communion; and all is over. The rite is short, its conclusion strange and abrupt, but they are in keeping with the sorrow and desolation of the Church at the death of her Spouse. Through the afternoon and evening the stripped altar, the extinguished lamp, the empty tabernacle with its door wide open, the silenced organ, even the holy water removed from the stoups—only the unveiled Cross resting on the bare altar—those invite us to mourn



with her. "Therefore do I weep, and my eyes run down with water: because the Comforter, the relief of my soul, is far from me: my children are desolate because the enemy hath prevailed." (Lam. i, 14). The clergy must in the evening say the Divine Office—its conclusion shrouded in darkness—the "Tenebræ"; but for the rest her sanctuary is empty and she sits solitary and silent, till to-morrow daybreak, when with another wonderful ceremonial she will celebrate the Resurrection of her Lord.

PLACID WAREING, C.P.

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### To a Passionist.

Clad in a vestment wrought with passion flowers:  
 Celebrant of one Passion: called by name  
 Passionist: is thy world one world with ours?  
 Thine, a like heart? Thy very soul the same?

Thou pleadest an eternal sorrow: we  
 Praise the still changing beauty of this earth.  
 Passionate good and evil thou dost see:  
 Our eyes behold the dreams of death and birth.

We love the joys of men: we love the dawn,  
 Red with the sun, and with the pure dew pearled;  
 Thy stern soul feels, after the sun withdrawn,  
 How much pain goes to perfecting the world.

Canst thou be right? Is thine the very truth?  
 Stands then our life in so forlorn a state?  
 Nay, but thou wrongest us; thou wrongest our youth,  
 Who dost our happiness compassionate.

And yet! and yet! O Royal Calvary!  
 Whence divine sorrow triumphed thro' years past;  
 Could ages bow before mere memory?  
 These passion-flowers must blossom to the last.

Purple they bloom, the splendour of a king:  
 Crimson they bleed, the Sacrament of Death:  
 About our thrones and pleasaunces they cling,  
 Where guilty eyes read what each blossom saith.

LIONEL JOHNSON.



## A Sister's Lie.

(Continued.)

By Leo.

ONE Sunday afternoon a week or so later, Agnes and Laurence met to bid each other good-bye. Holding both her hands in his he looked tenderly into her face as he said: "Are you sorry I am going away, Agnes? Will you miss me just a little bit?"

"You know that I am sorry, Laurence, and I shall miss you very, very much. Will it be for long, do you think?"

And as she looked up at him, he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"I don't know how long, dear, but as far as I can tell not more than three months. At all events you may be quite sure I will come back as soon as ever I can, and meanwhile we can write often you know."

Then, unable to keep back any longer what was welling up in his heart, he drew her gently to him, till his lips almost touched her hair, as he whispered: "Oh, Agnes, you know, you must know, that I love you very, very dearly. I didn't mean to say anything until I came back, but I can't help it. Tell me you love me, dear, just a little, and that you will trust me while I am away."

Looking up into his face, her own suffused with a warm rich glow, while in her eyes there shone the light of love and perfect trust, she replied: "Yes, I do love you, dear Laurence, not just a little bit, but with all my heart, and will always trust you."

After a while he said: "I am not going to ask you for a formal engagement, dear, because I do not think your father would agree to it at present, nor would it be wise. But now that we understand each other without any shadow of doubt, we can the more happily wait with patience till my return, and then I will speak to your father and ask his consent. Meanwhile let us keep our happiness to ourselves, though of course you understand I don't wish to bind you to secrecy. Am I right and are you perfectly satisfied, Agnes?"

"Yes, more than satisfied, Laurence. I am sure that whatever you think is best. But must you really go?"

"I must be in Edinburgh to-morrow, and I have a hard week's work before me. But never mind, it will not be long. Are you very disappointed, darling?"

"No, not disappointed. I should have liked you to stay, but not at the cost of neglecting your duty. That would be very selfish of me, and you shall never find me that, dear."

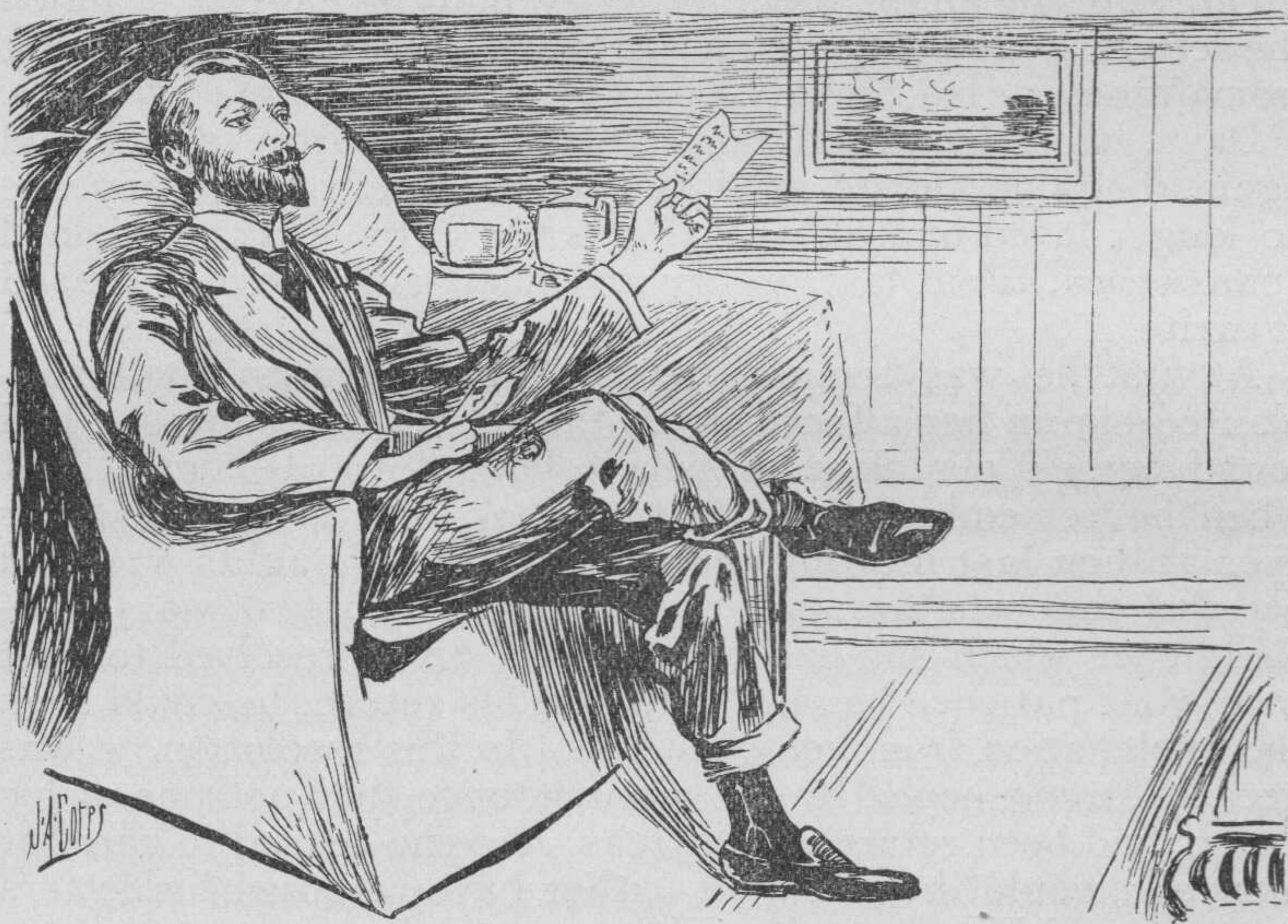
Laurence could not help remembering his sister's selfishness when he had been obliged to leave her on her birthday, and



as he looked at the dear girl at his side he felt what a treasure God had given him and inwardly vowed that he would be worthy of her.

Two months later, in a comfortably furnished room, in an Edinburgh flat, Laurence Vaughan was standing with his back to the fire, a look of pleasant expectancy on his face. Every week since he had left Leeds, Agnes had written to him, and her letters had been a source of consolation and joy. Loving, sensible letters they were, breathing of encouragement and simple trust, letters thoroughly characteristic of the dear girl herself.

Presently his landlady entered, and Laurence's glance eagerly sought the breakfast tray on which lay several letters. Taking them up and quickly examining them, a look of dis-



*"Poor Alice, she's soon had enough of it."*

appointment passed over his face. There was one from his sister, but none from Agnes.

Assured by the woman that there could have been no mistake, as she had taken in the letters herself, Laurence sat down to table, a troubled cloud on his usually bright brow.

"Queer thing," he muttered, "Agnes has never missed writing before. I do hope she is not ill." And although he sat long over his meal, he ate hardly anything.

Of course he knew that he was very foolish, for there were many things that might occur to make her a day or two late in writing. Besides there was the possibility of a letter coming by a later post. But, somehow, the thought gave him small comfort, for strive as he would, he could not throw off that cold feeling at his heart, a conviction that something was wrong.



He opened and read the letter from his sister, in which she informed him that she had been much disappointed in the situation she had taken, for Mrs. Waller was a hard person to get on with, and that consequently she was leaving. "Therefore," she wrote, "as there is no likelihood of your marrying for a year or two, I shall not bother about another place at present, but shall go into apartments till you return or are sent elsewhere. That is, of course, provided you really meant what you said—that you did not consider me a burden."

Laurence smiled as he tossed the letter aside.

"Poor Alice," he mused, "she's soon had enough of it. Well, it's only what I expected. I suppose that means she wants some cash. I had better send her some anyway." Which he did that very day.

On returning to his room in the evening he eagerly scanned the letters he found lying on his table; but there was nothing from Agnes.

Days, weeks, passed, and although he wrote again and again, begging her to send him one word if only to say she no longer loved him, it was all in vain. His letters remained unanswered, till at last, weary and heart-sick, he also ceased to write.

At first he was tempted to think that someone had supplanted him in her affections, or that being so young she had found herself mistaken in her feelings towards him. But when he remembered the fervent look of trust in her dear eyes at their last meeting, he felt that such thoughts wronged her and that whatever the cause of her silence, it was something over which she had no control. So he resolved to wait with what patience he might, till, on his return, he could seek the explanation from her own lips. In this resolution he was greatly strengthened by the circumstance that not one of his letters had been returned; whereas, had she ceased to care for him, she would, he felt sure, either have returned his letters or requested him to cease writing.

He knew that he could do nothing, for he had no confidential friend in Leeds: so he had no means of finding out anything that was likely to satisfy his mind. So he worked hard, bravely doing his duty, and striving to bear his sorrow with patient resignation. But as time passed, the strain and disappointment told upon him; he grew thin and haggard, and one day, having caught a serious chill, his strength gave way and he lay in a raging fever.

Nearly two months had passed since Laurence Vaughan left Leeds, and in St. Anne's convent grounds Sister Monica walked slowly up and down, reading over and over again a letter she had that day received, a look of pain on her usually peaceful countenance. The letter ran as follows:—

"Dear Sister,—You will doubtless be surprised to hear that I am leaving this situation at once. A very dear friend



in Sheffield is dangerously ill, so I am going to her. You are so good and kind that I feel sure you will do what you can to help me in a matter that is causing me a great deal of uneasiness and pain. It has come to my knowledge that since going to Scotland my husband has been in regular correspondence with a young girl in Leeds, named Agnes Reynolds. That Laurence means any wrong I do not for a moment believe, and doubtless their correspondence is purely of a friendly nature; but I feel sure you will agree with me that it is most unwise, to say the least, for a young girl to be writing to a married man, and as you are personally acquainted with this girl I thought perhaps you would use your influence to put a stop to it. I appeal to you because you can do it without others knowing what has been going on, for I would not for a moment wish to give anyone the least chance of talking any scandal about the girl. She is so very young that doubtless she does not realise the gravity of her action. I am sorry that there is not time to call and see you before leaving, but will try to find time to write to you from Sheffield. Most sincerely thanking you for all your kindness,—Believe me, yours very truly,

ALICE VAUGHAN.

“P.S.—I leave here to-day.”

“Oh! surely there must be some mistake,” said the Sister to herself. “Surely he would not be so cruel as to be guilty of such a thing. And he looked so honest and good. Poor Agnes! Can it be possible he is deceiving her? What am I to do?”

The good Sister was sorely perplexed, and at last resolved to confide her trouble to the parish priest, Father Maguire, and seek his advice.

Accordingly that evening she went to see him, but before entering the presbytery she went for a few moments into the church.

Agnes Reynolds was kneeling before the tabernacle praying fervently. As Sister Monica looked at the young girl kneeling there, her face radiant with peace and faith, she knelt for some minutes praying that God might comfort and strengthen the poor girl in the trouble she feared was about to come upon her. For she knew Agnes well enough to feel confident that Laurence Vaughan must have deceived her, or she would never have corresponded with him.

Presently going over to her she said: “Agnes, dear, I am just going in to see Father Maguire, and I want to see you afterwards. Can you wait till I come back?”

“Certainly, Sister, for I also want to see you about the Guild meeting.”

Leaving the Church, the Sister went at once to the house, where she had a long interview with the priest.

At length the door of the sacristy opened and, looking up, Agnes saw the priest beckoning to her. She rose and went over to him.



"Come into the house, my child," he said, "Sister Monica and I wish to speak to you."

He led the way into a little parlour, where the Sister leading her to a chair sat down beside her and said tenderly,

"Agnes, dear, Father Maguire has something to say which I fear will pain you very much, but try and be brave."

That it was something serious Agnes could see from the deeply troubled look on the nun's face, and wondering greatly what it could be she looked inquiringly at the priest who, closing the door, sat down opposite to her.

His face was grave, but looking up at her with a kind smile, he said:

"Yes, my dear child, I fear I must cause you considerable pain, but there are one or two questions I must ask you. Do you remember a Mr. Vaughan, who was staying in the parish some two months since?"

Instantly her face flushed and her heart beat fiercely and she answered in a scarcely audible voice:

"Yes, father."

"Is it true that you are corresponding with him now?"

"Yes, quite true."

"What are the exact relations between you? Has there been any foolish talk of love or any sort of engagement?"

"We love each other, Father, but are not engaged. He thought it wiser to wait until he returns before speaking to my father."

"Thought it wiser, indeed!" said the priest angrily. "The man is a rascal: he knew perfectly well such a thing could never be. He has deceived you most basely, my child. Why, he is married already, and his wife was here with him part of the time. Surely, you must have seen them together in church."

"Indeed, Father, you are quite mistaken. That is his sister, Alice. They have lived together since the death of their parents. He told me so himself."

"Then he told you a wicked lie. She herself introduced him to Sister Monica as her husband, and he neither denied it nor attempted to deny it. Is it not so, Sister?"

"It is only too true, dear Agnes," said Sister Monica, "I wish for your sake I could say otherwise."

And she took the girl's hand in silent sympathy, as Agnes sat pale and speechless.

"No, no," she cried, "it cannot be true; it would be too terrible, too cruel. There must be a mistake somewhere. He is too good, too noble; he could not be guilty of anything so base. I will write and tell him all. I know he will say it is all a mistake, a lie."

"No, my child," said the priest gently, but firmly, "you must do nothing of the kind. Of course he would deny it—what is one lie more or less to a fellow like that? You must have nothing more to do with him. Forget him, he is utterly unworthy of your slightest thought. It is hard for you I



know; but be brave and patient, and with God's help you will learn to forget in time. But write to him you must not. I absolutely forbid you."

Rising from her chair, her face deadly white, Agnes turned to the priest and said: "I will obey you, of course, Father; but forget, no, I can never do that." Then proudly the poor girl raised her blanched face as she added, "And my love is too great to doubt him. There is a mistake somewhere, I am sure. But I told him I would trust him always, and I will."

But although she spoke so bravely before the priest and Sister Monica, when once she was alone outside, doubts began to assail her.

Could it be true? She remembered how loth he had been to speak of his sister, that he had never offered to introduce



*It seemed as though her tardy repentance had come too late.*

her, that he even seemed to avoid mentioning Alice. Then his wish that she should keep their happiness a secret—though he did not bind her to that. Supposing it were true, after all! Unconsciously she had reached the place, outside the city, where they had spent an hour in each other's company the Sunday before his departure. As she gazed over the pleasant fields lighted by the rays of the sinking sun calmer thoughts came to her. She heard again his first words of love spoken with such reverent tenderness, she saw the open, earnest face that never registered an ignoble thought, she remembered her own fervent words of trustfulness, and as the whole scene came back before her she felt, nay, she knew, that this thing was false, and that, black as the circum-



stances seemed, there must be some explanation which would set all right. She had promised to trust him always, and she would.

But as the days passed, and letter after letter came from Laurence imploring her to write and explain her silence, her heart was torn with anguish so that it was a relief when at last he ceased writing altogether. And, as by that time the three months he expected to be absent had expired, she began hopefully to look for his return.

Meanwhile Alice enjoyed her triumph: for that her scheme had succeeded she felt confident, and if at times she felt a bit nervous her fears were soon laid to rest. After Laurence's recovery he had been sent to London on an important mission, where he achieved such success, that he was forthwith appointed to a permanent position in Edinburgh, whither he returned without having any opportunity of visiting Leeds.

A fortnight later he was joined by his sister, who soon discovered, both from his manner and from the fact that no letters bearing the Leeds postmark reached him, that all had turned out as she had hoped.

That he suffered deeply she knew also, but her selfish nature was incapable of sympathy. Her object was achieved when she had severed him from the one woman he had ever loved, and she knew his nature too well to fear that he would ever care for anyone else. She felt perfectly secure as to the future.

But her triumph was short-lived. She soon began to taste the bitterness of her success. The great change she saw in Laurence hurt her. True he was kind and thoughtful as ever, but the happy evenings they had been wont to spend together were a thing of the past. Now he seemed always deeply engrossed in work. Night after night he had a meeting to attend or an appointment to keep, so that she was left to her own devices. Even when he was at home he usually sat writing for hours. He seemed to have no time for her, or when he had his bright spirits were no longer at call. He rarely laughed, and when laughter came to him it was so forced and hollow that it hurt her to hear it.

Then her conscience began to prick her, though she sought to calm it by a more studied kindness towards him. But this brought small consolation to a heart burdened with the consciousness of unrepented sin. Once the thought came to her to make a clean breast of it and tell him all. She knew he would forgive her, but she also knew he would at once write to Agnes and explain matters. At the thought of the girl, her heart hardened. So she kept silence and strove to flatter herself that Laurence would forget in time and that the old happy days would return.

But conscience once awakened is not easily silenced. She was not happy. She knew that in her confessions she had spoken of the lies she had told in a general, casual way, for even with God's priest she had not dealt candidly. She



dreaded the duty that would otherwise have been imposed on her of making reparation. Still the fear of having made bad confessions and, as a consequence, sacrilegious Communion, was torture to her. Gladly would she make a good confession now, but she was not prepared to make the reparation that would mean in the end Laurence's marriage and the overthrow of all her plans. So she kept away from the Sacraments altogether, giving as an excuse to Laurence, when he noticed it, the plausible lie that seemed now to come unbidden to her lips. Over and over again in her misery, she resolved to make her peace with God, but as often her resolve was broken by the thought of the worldly consequences its fulfilment would entail.

At last she could bear it no longer, so one evening after tea, struck by the ill and aging looks of her brother, she put on her things hurriedly and almost ran towards the church, fearful that if she delayed a moment she might again break her resolution.

But it seemed as though her tardy repentance came too late. As she attempted to cross a busy thoroughfare, in her high-strung, nervous state, she hesitated and stumbled before an oncoming motor car. She was picked up after its wheels had passed over her, and was carried to the nearest hospital in a dying condition. The priest and Laurence were with her till the end, but she passed away without ever regaining consciousness.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nurse French was not one likely to forget the lessons she had learnt from Laurence Vaughan, and ere long her doubt-troubled soul found peace and safety in the barque of Peter. Towards the end of the following summer, her health breaking down, she was ordered a long rest and, as she had some old friends in Leeds, spent part of her holidays with them.

Shortly after her arrival she was introduced to Agnes Reynolds and a warm friendship sprang up between the two. The beauty of Agnes's character and the sweetness of her disposition drew the elder woman to her. Nurse French was not long in discovering that her friend was a prey to some deep and secret grief, but she hesitated to question her on the subject, anxious though she was to help her. But her opportunity came.

One evening they were sitting together. Nurse French had called unexpectedly and found Agnes turning over the leaves of a post-card album.

"So you collect picture post-cards, Agnes?" she said. "May I have a look?"

Taking the book from the girl's outstretched hand, she looked through it.

"What bonnie cards they are, dear, and I see they are nearly all Scotch scenes. So you have friends in Scotland? Have you been there?"



"No," Agnes replied, "they were all sent by a—a friend who went there last year."

And the girl's face flushed.

Nurse French was quick to notice it, and the look of pain which poor Agnes was unable to conceal.

Drawing her chair closer she placed her arm soothingly around the girl's waist and very soon had learnt the whole story.

"And you still trust him, dear? Don't you think you might have been mistaken in him? Not that I want for a moment to shake your faith in him, but some men are so selfish where girls are concerned."

"Yes, I still trust him; besides he wasn't a bit like that; always so kind and thoughtful. I'm sure you would never believe such a thing of him, had you only seen and known him. He is not good-looking exactly, but his is a good face—but wait, I will show you his photo."

She left the room, and returning in a few moments handed her friend a photo.

Nurse French uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, that's Mr. Vaughan," she said, "Laurence Vaughan."

"Yes," Agnes replied, "why, do you know him?"

"Know him? Of course I know him. I was nurse in the ward he was in while in hospital last year. It is owing to him that I am a Catholic. You may well love him, dear, for you will never find a man worthier of your love."

"And did you know his sister?"

"Yes, I knew his sister too; her name is Alice, but the less said about her the better. A strange creature, as unlike Laurence as anyone could be. She was a regular visitor in the hospital during his illness. But you may rest quite content. She is really his sister. Now listen to me—you cannot write to him yourself, so if you give me the address he last wrote from I will write, and ascertain if he is still there, and if so I will explain the fix you are in. So you'll see all will be well."

Nurse French was as good as her word. Only too glad of an opportunity of serving him to whom she felt so much indebted, and whom in her secret heart she also loved, she soon set matters right. And so the noble self-sacrifice of one woman brought to nought the whole structure of misunderstanding and sorrow built up by the selfishness of another, and brought together, to be knit for all time in the holy bonds which no sorrow, but only death, can dissolve, those two hearts which had suffered so intensely, and only missed being sundered for ever by a sister's lie.





ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS.

*(Founder of the Passionists.)*

FEAST, APRIL 28TH.

## Fra Bartolomeo's Testimony

### To the Sanctity of St. Paul of the Cross.

So you want to canonize him,  
Make our Father Paul a saint,  
Blessings on you, and I'll help you,  
Though I'm getting old and faint.

Well, they told me he had visions  
All of scourges and a crown,  
Till at last the heavens opened,  
And our Habit floated down.

Never knew I much about them,  
They were quite beyond my way,  
More hard work and less hard talk-  
ing,  
That is what I always say.

Oh! but he was really holy,  
Often when the shelves were bare  
And the dried-up empty barrels  
Looked so sadly at me there,



Off I went to Father Rector,  
Set him on his knees to pray,  
Soon we'd see the full and plenty  
Pouring in for many a day.

And he'd point it out so gaily,  
Saying "Now you'll never fear—  
Everything we want is coming  
Through the choir windows here."

Often, when we just were striving  
For a bit of daily bread,  
And his battered hat was scarcely  
Covering his poor old head,

Some rich lord would ask him, "Is  
there  
Anything you want at all?"  
"Nothing on the earth, I thank  
you—  
Too well off," said Father Paul.

Times again so badly treated—  
"Like," he said, "a dirty rag"—  
Then he tightly tied his feelings  
In some large "interior bag."

No one knew too much about them,  
Though his scalded eyes might  
fill;

You were always tender-hearted,  
Father Paul—you are so still.

Yes, and that reminds me—some-  
times

People, hot and quick and young,  
Always ready for the battle,  
Came to him with bitter tongue.

Father Rector softly answered,  
"Faults in plenty—well, what  
then?"

Don't you know you are not living  
With the angels, but with men?"

Ah! indeed I never doubt it,  
Saints and angels knew him  
well—

He and they were often crowded  
In his ugly crooked cell.

Through the day, 'twas said, they  
helped him

With his writing and his thought,  
All the teachings that he left us,  
Rules and maxims dearly bought.

For he called light down from  
heaven

By the voice of work and pain,  
Sank exhausted very often,  
Rose up manfully again.

Leaning on the iron spirit,  
Forcing the o'er-burdened frame,  
Never murmuring or complaining  
Till the gentle whisper came—

"O Madonna mia! get me  
One half-hour of quiet rest:  
If thou wilt not, dearest Mother,  
Well, thou knowest what is best."

Are you getting tired to hear me?  
I must hurry to the end.  
He was sick and nearly dying  
And they thought they ought to  
send

Some one fit to nurse and care him:  
I was Infirmarian, so  
Father John came down and called  
me,  
"Fra Bartolomeo, go."

Eh! but I was fairly frantic—  
Infirmarian to a saint!  
One who tore and smashed his body,  
One who'd never make complaint.

I had trouble with the Fathers,  
Minding sick ones many a day,  
Even when they nearly fainted,  
They would always have their  
way.

"Eat a little more, my Father,  
Take a little longer sleep."  
Not at all,—the cry was always  
"Fast and vigil I must keep."

Oh! if they were hard to manage,  
What would be the worst of all?  
Sure they called him "King of Pen-  
ance,"

How could I nurse Father Paul?

So I went to see my patient,  
Oped his door with many sighs,  
There the grand old saint was sit-  
ting,  
Smiles of welcome in his eyes.

God's own soldier, brave as ever.  
Facing death without a fear.  
Down I knelt beside him, saying:  
"Come to nurse you, Father dear,

Father John himself desired me."  
He looked up, so sweet and mild:  
"Well, I'll try to be obedient,"  
Humbler than a little child.

Ah! I tried him well, believe me,  
Bade him rest when he would  
pray,  
Thwarted all his little fancies,  
Many a time, by night and day.

When—his hardest trial surely—  
Costly nourishment was given,  
It would move your heart to see him  
Raising up his eyes to heaven,



Asking piteously, "My Brother,  
Take the rich man's food away,"  
And the harsh reply I'd make him,  
"You have only to obey."

I, poor Fra Bartolomeo,  
Think of all his winning ways,  
All his patience and obedience,  
With a kind of fond amaze.

"God forgive me," are you saying?  
Yes, but don't you see that all  
Things like these are crowns of  
glory,  
Canonizing Father Paul.

You can glorify our Founder,  
You can write his toils and cares  
As you will. I'll go and help you  
With my very best of prayers.

You, wise men, will find his virtues  
In his labours, sore and long;  
You will look for him in raptures  
Lifted to the angel throng.

For I'm longing now to hear them  
In the Roman churches call  
"Praise to thee, O glorious Father,  
Bless and pray for us, Saint Paul."

SISTER MARY GERTRUDE. *Loretto College, Dublin.*

## Thoughts on Easter.

OF all the festivals which the Church celebrates, the greatest is that of Easter, in which she keeps the anniversary of Our Lord's Resurrection from the dead. It is the oldest of all the Christian feasts, it holds the chief place in the liturgy of the Church, the day on which it falls determines the dates of the more ancient and important of the moveable feasts; while the mystery which it commemorates is at once the foundation of our faith and of our hope, and so of all our comfort as Christians.

There have been philosophers and poets who have written much upon the vanity of human life, in which they profess to find nothing of any real value. Surely such men are wrong in their views and sadly deficient in gratitude to their Creator. When God saw what He had made, He found it "good," "very good"; and in the initial stages of His revelation of Himself and of His will to mankind, He held forth temporal blessings as a reward for obedience to His commandments and loyalty in His service. Such blessings, therefore, cannot be regarded as the fabled Dead Sea fruit, fair indeed to the eye, but inwardly only ashes. And if we, too, gaze upon the universe, we shall find it worthy of its Maker. The earth, the teeming mother of all, not only brings forth its fruit in abundance to supply food for man and beast, but also presents to our view a reflex of the beauty of its Creator. If we look for the Sublime, we find it in the lofty mountains, their summits crowned with perpetual snow, that rise majestically towards heaven; while the element of the Beautiful is found in the trees with their varying tints of green that clothe their sides, or in the humbler flowers concerning which the Saviour Himself gave utterance to the thought so strikingly modern, that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of them. How glorious is the sea when we view what an ancient poet called its "unnum-



bered laughter," the countless smiling ripples of its surface shimmering in the light of an unclouded sun. And even in its angry moods, the roar of its dark waves calls forth a responsive and not unpleasing echo in the mind that is attuned to the melancholy influences of nature. How fair, too, is the ordered procession of the seasons. Spring, a time of hope and promise, is succeeded by the fuller and brighter glory of summer, which, in its turn, leads us on to the wealth of autumn; and then the earth, as if content with what it has done, takes its winter sleep to rise refreshed to begin the same round again. And as we journey on through life, with how many blessings our path is strewn. Shall we make no account of health, because it does not always last; or despise the pleasures of friendship, because friends often prove untrue; or reject knowledge, because it sometimes leads astray? No, the wise man limits his expectations and desires: he does not look for pure and absolute perfection where everything, even the best, is more or less imperfect. He is content with what is within his reach, and is not unhappy because he cannot obtain what is beyond it.

Yet there is one drawback to all earthly happiness, one consideration which casts a dark shadow on the highest temporal felicity, the thought of death. This body, vigorous and healthy though it be, will soon return to dust; the earth with all its beauty will soon fade before our eyes like the pageant of an hour; we shall have to bid farewell to all we love and face the silence and loneliness of the grave. It is true that the mass of mankind in all ages have rebelled against the idea that with death we ceased to exist. The ancients believed that a part of each individual survived dissolution; but it was the popular belief that the life, if life it could be called, of the ghosts in the underworld was but a mere shadow of the present life, warm, real, and palpable as it is. Men felt that it would be better to be a slave on earth than a prince in Hades. What was left of each individual dragged out a weary existence: there was no hope that a second spring would ever visit the silence of the grave. "A tree hath hope, even if it be cut down, that it will yet flourish, and that its tender shoots will not fail. Though its roots wax old in the earth, and its stock die in the dust, at the scent of water it will bud, and send forth branches like a plant. But man dieth and lieth low: he giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

As Christians, we believe that our souls are immortal; but our faith goes farther and assures us that we are not doomed to exist perpetually in a maimed or mutilated nature, but that a day will come when soul and body shall be reunited for all eternity. And this faith and this hope are based on our Lord's Resurrection.

It is the peculiar glory of the Gospel that it has brought "life and incorruption to light." When Our Saviour appeared on earth, the Jews were divided into two great parties, the Pharisees and the Sadducees. The former believed in the resurrection of the body; the latter, like the Jews of our own day, denied it,



though, like these, too, they acknowledged the immortality of the soul. Our Lord's teaching agreed with that of the Pharisees, that the dead shall rise again; but He took care to correct the grossly material conception of this doctrine which seems to have been current among the people, while at the same time He proclaimed Himself the "Resurrection and the Life." He established His right to this claim by raising the dead to life, and so, when He told His disciples that He Himself would rise again, He made no unreasonable demand on their faith. His Blessed Mother, the other holy women, and St. John saw Him hang lifeless on the cross, they saw His side pierced with a spear; and when He had been taken down from the cross, they touched and handled His sacred body, and bound it with linen cloths with the spices before laying it in the tomb. For them, therefore, there could be no question that He was dead. He who had styled Himself "the Resurrection and the Life" was now lifeless, He who had snatched from death its victims had now succumbed to the universal law of mortality. We cannot, of course, believe for a moment that the faith of the Blessed Virgin wavered, but we know that the faith of the disciples did not stand the terrible test of His death, a death made more awful still by the circumstances which accompanied it. They had seen Him rejected by the priests and the other rulers of the Jews, they had witnessed His agony on the cross, they had heard that appalling and mysterious cry which He uttered: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and when we add to this the depressing influence of the bitter sorrow which they felt at the fate of One whom they so tenderly loved, we cannot blame them harshly if they lost faith in the promise of their Master.

For the little flock that followed Jesus, the sun on the first Good Friday set in gloom: when it rose on Sunday, He Who is called "the Sun of Justice" was already risen. The empty tomb that had been sealed and watched so carefully, the angels announcing His resurrection, above all, the sight of their Master risen again restored their faith, and filled their hearts with gladness. Who can understand the rapture which thrilled the soul of Mary Magdalene when Our Lord revealed Himself to her in that single word "Mary," or the joy of Peter and John and the other apostles as He stood before them greeting them and filling their hearts with the peace "which passeth all understanding."

In spite of the efforts of unbelievers to explain away the testimonies of the Evangelists and St. Paul to the resurrection of Jesus, no historical statement, apart altogether from the infallible authority of the Church, stands on a firmer basis. It is not merely that eye-witnesses attest the truth of this fact: the change which came over the apostles is, if possible, stronger evidence still. As they accompanied Our Lord on His last journey to Jerusalem, the beloved disciple and his brother were only thinking how they might secure for themselves the pre-eminence in the new kingdom which they believed He was about



to found; in His hour of trial and danger, the apostles basely left Him and fled; Peter denied Him in spite of all his promises that he would be loyal to Him even at the cost of his life. St. Luke, who narrates all these incidents in his Gospel, relates too in the Acts with what firmness a little later Peter and John braved the prohibition and threats of the Sanhedrin, answering boldly: "If it be just in the sight of God, to hear you rather than God, judge ye; for we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." Our experience of human nature shows us that the selfish do not become unselfish nor cowards brave without some powerful cause to effect the change. And what other cause can be assigned for the complete transformation of the character of the apostles than their having seen the risen Jesus, and their reception on the feast of Pentecost of "power from on high?" Even when they were still under the influence of the personal and visible presence of Jesus, they were weak and timorous and self-seeking; but now that they are to all appearance left to themselves, they have become quite other men. Such a change can only be explained on the supposition that they had witnessed the victory over death in the person of the risen Saviour, and that He had fulfilled His promise to send the Holy Ghost upon them and to give them a mouth and wisdom which all their adversaries would not be able to resist or gainsay.

We rejoice on the great festival of Easter because our beloved Lord is risen from the tomb, no longer suffering or subject to death; but we also rejoice at the thought that we shall share in the glory of His resurrection. As we journey on through life, one loved one after another leaves us to join "the innumerable caravan" which moves to the mysterious realm of the hereafter. At one time it is a beloved father or mother who is taken from us; at another time it is a brother or sister or some dear friend whose life seemed a part of our own. But we need not sorrow as those "who have no hope." When the husbandman casts the "bare grain" into the earth, he does so with the expectation that the apparently lifeless field will in the autumn be covered with a waving sea of golden corn. And we, too, when we consign the lifeless forms of our friends to the cold earth do so in the hope of the resurrection. That body on which decay has already set its defacing fingers is sown in corruption and dishonour and weakness; but we trust that it will one day rise to a new life of incorruption and glory and power. "And when this mortal hath put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." This is the hope which takes from death its sting, and from parting its bitterness, the hope that we shall once more behold the faces of those whom we "have loved long since and lost awhile," but from whom we shall not be separated again for evermore.

And for ourselves, too, a day will soon come when this life with all its joys and sorrows, its victories and defeats, shall have passed away like "a tale that is told." Our spring-time



quickly vanishes; and no sooner have we arrived at the prime of life and the fulness of our powers than the warning signs of age begin to appear. But for the Christian who seeks the things that are above and sets his affections on them, the nearer he draws to the grave, the nearer he draws to immortality. And when the snows of age have whitened his head and he feels that the end is at hand, he takes refuge in the thought,

If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

PHILIP COGHLAN, C.P.

## A Passion Flower.

GALILEO NICCOLINI.

VIII.

THE year of Galileo's novitiate was now drawing to a close. The joy with which he looked forward to his religious profession was only equalled by that of his superiors at the prospect of gaining for the Congregation a subject likely to shed such lustre on it by his signal virtues and his high qualities of mind, and of giving to the Church a priest who should do great things for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. But "my thoughts are not as your thoughts, saith the Lord." The Passion Flower that had bloomed for a little while at the foot of the crucifix was soon to be culled by the Heavenly Gardener.

One day during the octave of the Solemn Commemoration of the Passion while Galileo was preparing to go to Prime in the early morning, he was surprised by a sudden hemorrhage from the lungs. A doctor was sent for, and the novice was found to be suffering from acute phthisis. No premonitory symptoms of the disease had been noticed, and Galileo had probably, through motives of virtue, made little of any he had felt. His one anxiety was to be professed as a Passionist and to belong wholly to God. Once during the serious illness that now overtook him there was question of trying what a change of air would do for him, and when the infirmarian suggested a return to his family for a while his reply was emphatic. "For charity sake, brother," he said, "don't say such things to me: I have made a sacrifice of myself to God and I wish the sacrifice to be complete. Living or dead I wish to be entirely His." When the change was finally decided upon and he left the novitiate for another Retreat, he was much distressed because he had to make the journey in his secular dress, and wept bitterly at the thought of leaving off his dear habit even for so short a time. He cared little whether he lived or died so that he might live and die a Passionist. He even showed himself perfectly happy at the prospect of death, and in his sufferings allowed no murmur



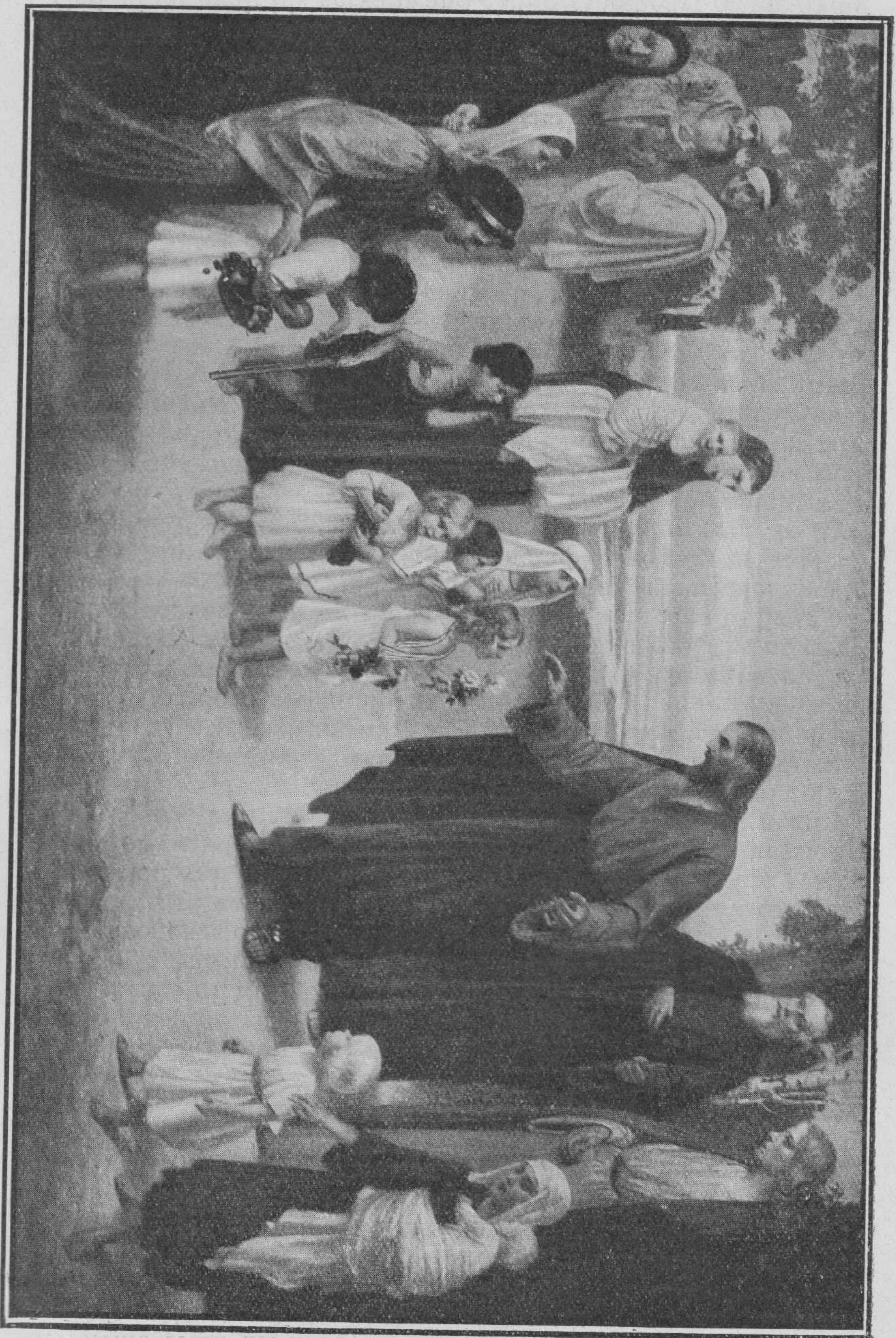
of complaint or sadness to escape his lips. He had a bright smile for everyone who visited him as he lay on his sick-bed, and when asked by the Father Master what he was thinking of, would reply ingeniously of the Passion of Christ or the Sorrows of Mary, which were indeed his constant thought. Once when asked the question, he replied, "I am composing verses," and, ordered to recite them, he did so, the burden of his simple song being that to suffer for love is not to suffer, as love renders suffering lovable. He thus showed that the secret of his happiness and peace was his suffering willingly for the love of God.

As time went on he seemed to get better and was allowed to walk a little in the garden. But on the night of the feast of the Annunciation, as the infirmarian returned from Matins, he found, on his visit to the sick room, that the poor patient had again been seized with a serious hemorrhage. After a few days, his superiors, thinking that the change would benefit him, had him removed to the Retreat on Monte Argentaro. The Retreat on Monte Argentaro was the first house founded by St. Paul of the Cross, and it was to be the scene of Galileo's death.

No good result followed the change. His sufferings only increased. It was soon manifest that nothing short of a miracle could save his life. They asked him to join in a novena to Blessed Gabriel to obtain his cure. But he had already left all in the hands of the Blessed Virgin, and replied, "The Blessed Virgin is enough for me. If she wishes to cure me, well: if not, the will of God be done." A religious then wrote to the shrine of Our Lady of Pompeii, asking prayers for the recovery of Galileo. Before sending his letter he asked the patient to add a few words to Our Lady. Galileo took the pen in his trembling hand and wrote: "Dear Mother, I am sick. No one can cure me but you. Cure me, then, if it is for the greater glory of God and the good of my soul. Your most loving son," etc.

But no cure was wrought, and his disease increased, the hemorrhages becoming more frequent. The grace which he was to receive through the intercession of Our Lady was not life, but a most beautiful death, and in her own month of May. Asked whether he would like to receive the last sacraments, he replied: "Most gladly." And when the ceremony was finished, he turned to the priest and said, "Oh Father, how beautiful it is to die so!" He then asked to be left alone. As morning dawned—it was the 12th of May, 1897—he requested that the religious should be called. When they entered his room he cried, "Light the Madonna's candles—quick, quick!" indicating a little altar to Mary near his bed. They lighted the candles, and having done so asked him why he wanted them lighted. He replied with a smile, "Because one goes to heaven so with more solemnity." With his eyes fixed on the statue of the Blessed Virgin, he recited the Ave Maria with great fervour. A moment later, raising his voice, he cried, "The Saints! the Saints!" and with his hand





'SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.'



motioned those present to make way as though others were entering the room. Then, with a joyous smile, lifting his *berrettino* from his head, he made an effort to bow to the new comers. His head drooped upon his shoulder, and it was thought he slept. He was dead.

He had spent but ten days of his life on Monte Argentaro, and yet the fame of his sanctity had spread by the time of his death all over the country-side, and great crowds came from all parts to see his mortal remains as they were laid out in the little church of the Retreat, happy if they went home with some relic or memorial of him whom they already regarded as a saint. Two years and some months after his body had been laid to rest in the cemetery of Porto San Stephano his grave was opened, for the official recognition of his remains, in presence of the abbatial Curia of Orbetello and other persons. It was the first step towards his hoped-for exaltation to the honours of the Altar.

And there are motives for thinking that the day of that exaltation will not long be delayed. According to the testimony of persons who have had recourse to his intercession, God seems to have already glorified him with miracles—sudden cures from dangerous or fatal diseases, signal relief in cases of spiritual or temporal necessity, favours of various kinds well attested and in great number. Of these we shall give but one or two examples in conclusion.

The Superioress of the Ursuline Sisters of Onvegna in the province of Novara, Piedmont, relates that one of the novices in that convent hearing that a nephew of hers was to have an arm and leg amputated by reason of an incurable spinal disease, turned her thoughts in this sad extremity to Galileo, whose life she had lately been reading. She sent to the parents of the sick boy a picture of Galileo to which was attached a small portion of his habit as a relic, and urged them to put their faith in this servant of God and not in any human remedy, asking them also to apply the relic to the diseased members and to recite daily for nine days three *Pater's*, *Ave's*, and *Gloria's* in thanksgiving to God for the graces conferred on Galileo. The parents did exactly as they were directed, and in four days their child was completely cured.

The second favour we shall mention, though a cure in the spiritual order, was perhaps not less wonderful. A young man who had become a socialist and had lost all idea of religion lay ill, in the last stage of consumption. Though his life was despaired of and he was indeed at death's door, it was impossible to induce him to receive the Sacraments. A picture with a relic of Galileo, similar to that already described, was placed under his pillow and prayers were offered that God might exalt his servant and change the heart of the dying sinner. On the last day of the novena the young man received the holy Viaticum and a few days later died a most edifying death.

THE END.



# Sons of Martyrs.

BY ROSA VAGNOZZI.

XI. (*continued.*)

"THE house in which I now lived was rich and splendid; feasts and banquets succeeded one another at short intervals; but in this luxury I had no share. My food was miserable, and the room in which I slept was small and dark, and so far removed from the rooms of the other members of the household that I often passed sleepless nights, haunted by imaginary fears.

"Arabella was of a cruel, savage, and imperious disposition; and whatever whims she took into her head I was sure to be the sufferer. From my bent back she often mounted on horse-back; and whenever she gave the sign of command I had to transform myself into a stool on which she would rest her feet while she worked or conversed with her young friends. And woe to me if I moved without having received orders to do so.

"But these things were but trifles compared with the worse cruelties of which she made me the victim, and which I will not distress you by describing. My sufferings only increased as time went on, until she fell sick, and then she would see me no more. No wonder that I thanked the gods, in which I then believed, for delivering me from such an inhuman monster.

"One day a man of hideous appearance came to take me away. Ill as it had fared with me in the house of Arabella, I was now about to face the unknown; and the thought filled me with terror. In my anguish I invoked the goddess of death to come and put an end to my misery.

"My new master, seeing that I was frightened, tried to assume an air of kindness towards me, which only increased my repugnance for him. My late mistress had had me trained as an acrobat, and I was now called on to give specimens of my agility and skill. I acquitted myself to the man's satisfaction, and after praising me he led me away.

"I now found myself in the company of several boys and girls of much my own age, who, like myself, were the property of my new master. We travelled night and day on camels, and though well treated, we suffered much from want of sleep and from the fatigue of the journey. We at length arrived at a large city, where we were sold to the proprietor of a circus.

"A life of new torments now began for me. We were obliged to give exhibitions of skill and daring to the public at the risk of our lives; and whenever things went ill with our master, he flew into a passion and vented his rage on us.

"In addition to his profession as entertainer he also dealt in wild beasts; and in his rage he often threatened to throw us into their cages. On one occasion he kept his word. One of



the girl performers refused on the ground of serious illness to take part in the entertainment. The wretched man became furious at this, and losing all control of his passion he took the poor creature in his arms and threw her as food to the wild beasts.

"Full of terror lest the same fate should be ours, we all determined, if possible, to effect our escape. That night we all fled from the house, and made the best of our way into the country. We went hand in hand through the darkness, in deadly fear lest we should be pursued; the slightest noise made us tremble, and we never once rested till day appeared.

"We then descried a cottage on the top of a hill, near which a woman was seated surrounded by a flock of sheep. We told her our sad story, and we begged her by all the gods to have pity on us and give us shelter.

"'I will receive you into my house willingly,' she said with a sweet smile, 'but not for love of the gods.'

"She brought us into her cottage, which was divided into two parts; and having regaled us with fresh milk and fruit, she prepared a sleeping-place for us, telling us that while we slept she would keep watch outside.

"When we awoke she told us that as soon as we heard the sound of the horn, which, as we had informed her, our master used to blow whenever he rode out surrounded by his slaves, we should at once hide ourselves; and she pointed out an opening on one side of the cottage which was concealed by the trunks of luxuriant trees that grew close together.

"A little before sunset we heard in the distance the dreaded sounds which we knew so well; and so, helped by the kindly shepherdess, we took refuge in our hiding-place, which we reached by a rude flight of stairs.

"It was a fine circular apartment, which admitted but little light. On its white walls were paintings, the meaning of which we did not understand; and in a corner stood a kind of altar, over which was depicted the figure of a man of benign aspect, with long fair hair, and having a sheep by his side. I know now, but I did not know then, that it was a representation of the Good Shepherd."

"The woman must have been a Christian," said Sabina.

Priscilla continued: "As the sounds drew nearer we huddled together, as if to help one another, but after passing over our heads they grew faint and died away in the distance. Soon after, the shepherdess called us to re-enter the cottage, where we passed some days without ever stirring out.

"One evening some persons came one after the other to the cottage, and after a short conversation with its mistress went up to the hiding-place. When they came down she furnished us with food and clothing; and after taking an affectionate leave of us she gave us in charge to the unknown visitors, who led us off by different paths.

"I was very sorry to leave our kind benefactress and to be parted from my young companions in misfortune; but the face



and voice of the old man who led me told me plainly that I had nothing to fear.

"This man kept me in his house two days and then handed me over to the consul Rufus, who brought me to you, dear mistress."

## XII.

When Priscilla had ended her story, she seized the lady's hand and kissed it affectionately.

Sabina drew the girl to her and caressed her tenderly: she then addressed her in a tone of sweetness: "See, Priscilla, the Saviour of whom I have so often spoken to you came into the world to make us meek and humble of heart, and to give us strength to fight the good fight. He suffered for us, with resignation to His Heavenly Father's will, leaving us an example that we should follow in His steps; and He has so sanctified our poor sufferings that by them we can merit eternal life."

"But could not this Saviour have avoided suffering, had He wished it?" asked Priscilla.

"Oh! certainly," replied Sabina; "but so much did He love us that He wished by His Passion and Death to deliver us from the power of the devil and to make us happy with Himself in heaven, where there is no sorrow or deceit. It was love alone that moved Him to give His life for us on Calvary; love is the foundation of His teaching; and it was of love that He always spoke to those who followed Him."

Day by day, Sabina instructed the girl in the Christian faith, and she found her an attentive and willing pupil. Priscilla, whose feelings were deep and lively, found in the Saviour an object worthy of her love. And as the mysteries of faith were unrolled before her wondering gaze, she found herself in a new sphere where both her intellect and her imagination had full scope for exercise. Sabina recognized almost by intuition the rare qualities which the girl possessed, and which the strange life she had led and her former unfavourable surroundings had been unable to destroy. She would have wished to restore her to her parents, and to this end she often questioned her as to who they were, or where they lived; but all her questions were in vain: her adopted daughter could give her no particulars whatever.

One day as the matron and Priscilla sat in their favourite recess, the latter, with a yearning look in her eyes, asked her mistress: "What is the heaven of the Christians like?"

"Our intellect," answered Sabina, "cannot comprehend the nature of the reward which is laid up for the just: all we know is that there God, the sovereign good, will fully satisfy our desires and render our minds supremely happy. We can, however, form some faint idea of the beauty of the Kingdom where God and His saints reign, from the beauty, earthly though it be, of the world which is now our dwelling-place.



The changing hues of the sky at dawn and sunset, the soft sweetness of summer nights, the lofty mountains, and smiling fields, and boundless ocean—all these things are but an infinitely imperfect reflex of Him who made them. Do you see yonder hill all covered over with asphodels standing out against the clear blue of the heavens? Is it not a lovely sight?"

Priscilla assented, and then speaking in a low voice, and with the air of one inspired, as if she were making her confession of love to some higher being, unseen by her bodily eyes, she went on: "I love Jesus who came to comfort us and wipe away our tears and make us all equal, whether rich or poor, masters or servants, in His sight. I love Him with my whole heart and soul, and I would sacrifice my whole being, even life itself, to Him, if He demanded this sacrifice of me. I dreamed of Him, the heavenly Bridegroom, in the still midnight: His beauty surpassed that of any human being. He seemed to stand upon the waters, which sparkled with light; and I thought I heard His voice calling me. I answered His call, and was walking on the waters to where He stood, when I suddenly awoke, and thus lost the delightful vision."

Truly, thought Sabina as she looked at the girl, who seemed transfigured into some celestial being, she would not shrink from martyrdom itself.

Both relapsed into a silence which was broken only by the rustling of the doves' wings and the sweet singing of the birds. Priscilla had a far-off look in her eyes as if she pursued with her imagination the vanished dream. Sabina was the first to speak.

"Do you not think," she said, "that that is Gellius who is approaching in the distance?"

The girl started from her reverie, and after looking in the direction indicated, she answered: "Yes, it is he."

"Perhaps," said the matron, "he brings us news of Clement: have you prayed for him?"

"With all my heart," was the reply.

Gellius soon arrived at the recess where the ladies were, and after saluting them respectfully, he said to Sabina: "The noble Lucius will come to-night with Clement."

"God be thanked," exclaimed the matron: "the sons of martyrs will be welcomed to my house; and each of them will find in my oratory the relics of his father. But are they taking precautions to avoid being captured on the way?"

"They will dress as fishermen," he answered. "The deacon, Paul, has provided them with the clothes which fishermen usually wear, and they will bear with them the implements used in fishing: these, too, the deacon has provided."

"Their good angel accompany them," prayed Sabina fervently. "And your father—why does not he come here for a few days to seek some relief in his bereavement? I have invited him more than once, and you, too, might keep him



company. My villa is large enough, and I am always glad to give hospitality to the followers of Christ."

"You have a great heart, noble lady," replied the youth; "but my father will not leave his cottage. He prays all day and a good part of the night, and his boat meanwhile remains idle on the river. Sometimes he says that he sees in the night time our Linus all radiant with light rising from the waters and advancing towards the cottage; at other times he hears his voice among the reeds from the opposite bank of the river, and when he calls him he comes, and then father feels as if he clasped his lost son to his heart."

"Poor old man," said Sabina with a sigh.

Childish voices were now heard from the flowery path which led to the white marble fountain; and the two twin sons of Sabina appeared leaping gleefully. They ran up to Priscilla to show her the contents of two little baskets which they carried—moths, lizards, and dragon-flies. As soon, however, as they saw Gellius, they ran to him, boasting of their prey, and overwhelming him with questions.

The youth answered all their questions as well as he could, and when they heard that he had a boat, they cried out: "Take us with you to the boat: we should love to have a sail on the river," while they tugged at his tunic all the time.

"Priscilla," said the matron, "give Gellius some refreshment, and see that he has a supply of good things to take to his father."

The girl, followed by Gellius, went off to obey her mistress's command, and the children scampered merrily after them.

Night had come, and the inhabitants of the villa of the Oleanders were sunk in sleep. Sabina and Priscilla alone watched in prayer in a room with a secret door which opened on a narrow path, on either side of which mastich-trees grew.

Sirius, with his twinkling companions, shone brightly in a clear sky: and the silence was unbroken save for the rustling of a book and the occasional cry of some night-bird. The watchers soon saw lights advancing along the path, and then three gentle taps at the door, the preconcerted signal, warned them that the fugitives had come. Sabina, followed by Priscilla holding a lighted lamp, at once hastened to the door to admit the fugitives. She received them with the utmost cordiality, and, when the first greetings were over, she brought them to an adjoining apartment, where refreshments had been already laid. In reply to the inquiries of the lady, Lucius informed her that nothing to cause them any apprehension had occurred on the way. "Only," he added with a smile, "at a spot beside the Anio, which is called *gladius* (sword), we heard a noise which came from behind a group of trees. We at once grasped our arms to defend ourselves if necessary; but our fears were groundless: two small animals leaped forth, which, from their shape and agility, we judged to be hares."



The young noble then informed Sabina of the deep-laid plot of Eusebius against himself and Clement, which had been discovered by Phœbe, the blind slave.

Clement was silent, and seemed to take no interest in the conversation; and when any question was put to him, he answered as if his thoughts were elsewhere. As he came along the path, he had seen by the light of the girl's lamp the tattooing on her right arm—the star and serpent and two enwreathed circles. Then there was something in her features and gait and movements, and even in her very voice when she spoke to Sabina, which reminded him of his dead mother. Was it possible? he thought. Could this be his long-lost sister whom he had loved so much without knowing her, and had sought in vain? Could this girl who stood before him, the very picture of youth and beauty, be Lois? True, she did not bear that name; but her name might have been changed for some reason or other. Just then the lady called her by her name, Priscilla, and at this he started as if awakened from a dream.

He wished to ask her a thousand questions as he gazed intently at her. She was clad in a white tunic, and just then she was leaning upright and motionless against a marble pillar. But what if he questioned her and her answers showed that she was a stranger to him, not of his kith or kin? This fear unnerved him and kept him silent.

Lucius, seeing his friend, who at other times was always bright and cheerful, wrapt up thus in his own thoughts, asked him if he were unwell; while Sabina urged them both to take some repose, of which they had much need.

They accordingly left the house in silence, and, guided by Sabina, soon came to a cottage of poor appearance which stood at the end of a winding alley shaded by cypresses. After she had told them that that would be their habitation thenceforth, she took her leave.

When the two young men were left alone, they had little time to observe with what thoughtful charity and good taste delicate feminine hands had arranged their new dwelling, for Clement at once confided to his companion his doubts and conjectures regarding the girl. And while he spoke of his hopes and fears, his eyes were full of tears.

Lucius was much surprised: he shared to the full the feelings of his friend, and he assured him that for his part he would leave nothing undone to discover the truth. He himself had scarcely noticed Priscilla; and the thought had not even entered his mind to thank her for the herbs which she had sent to the deacon's house, and which had so materially contributed to Clement's recovery.

The youths then betook themselves to their several apartments to seek repose, but sleep fled from their eyes. They were both anxious for the morning, when they could, perhaps, learn something from the matron concerning her young friend.



The day was dawning and the shadows were fleeing away. The outlines of the hills became gradually disengaged from the bright haze that enveloped them. Bright clouds of varying hues, amber, crimson, and pearl-grey, decked the sky; while in the distance, the rippling waves of the sea sparkled with light. It was a dawn of unusual beauty even for Italy, and it was fitting that it should be so, for it was ushering in the wedding-day of Lucius.

His house on the Coelian hill wore a festive aspect: the marbles which adorned it gleamed with unwonted splendour, and the fountains in the vestibule sent up never-ceasing jets, which, as they broke and fell, gleamed merrily in the sunshine. Flowers in profusion added their beauty to the scene, and the joyful sounds of the various instruments then in use welcomed the bride and guests.

The servants and freedmen, among whom were the two trusted ones who had guarded Lucius during his stay on Mount Albanus, were laying the tables with choice meats and costly wines, and putting a finishing touch to the arrangement of the furniture.

In the private chapel of his house the young nobleman placed the ring on the finger of Priscilla, who was no other than Clement's sister, the long lost Lois; and Sabina and the poet Epirus, with such friends of Quintus Martius, the martyred father of the bridegroom, as had remained faithful to his memory, were present at the ceremony.

The inquiries of Clement had left no doubt in his mind as to the identity of the maiden. Then there were the tattoo marks on her arm and the amulet which she wore round her neck, and which in all the vicissitudes of her life she had preserved, one might say, almost miraculously. This latter alone was sufficient to dispel any lingering doubt that might have remained in his mind: he was quite certain that it had once belonged to his mother. We can well imagine their joy at meeting: a joy which consoled them for all the troubles they had endured, and in which their friends heartily participated. As soon as the maiden was sufficiently instructed in the Christian faith, she was baptized in Sabina's house, and thus admitted to the fold of Christ. At her baptism she resumed the old name Lois which her parents had given her; and Sabina was her god-mother.

After this event some months passed, during which the severity of the persecution of which Eusebius had been the instigator gradually declined, now that he was out of the way; and when, finding that in consequence of his accident he was disabled for the rest of his days, he retired into private life on his estate near the city of Taranto, it ceased altogether.

After the sacrifice of the Christians at the festival of which the poet Epirus had spoken to Sabina, the Church enjoyed long years of peace; and the ode which we found the poet writing by the Anio was the last pagan composition that he penned. He, too, was received among the catechumens, thanks to a



learned young Christian at Ardea, with whom Sabina had contrived that he should become acquainted. This man succeeded first in gaining the poet's heart and winning his affections; and this done, he found it an easy task to demonstrate to him the truth and beauty of the faith.

The old boatman, as Lucius had told his sick friend, soon rejoined his martyred son in a better world; and the boat, which had been so dear to him, was preserved with loving care by his son Gellius, though he no longer had need of it, as he had given up his father's calling to enter the household of Lucius, where all regarded him in the light of a brother.

Phœbe, the old nurse of Lucius, her earthly mission completed, died peacefully in the house of the deacon, Paul.

Clement was received into the ranks of the clergy, and eventually raised to the priesthood. He spent much of his time in ministering to the wants of the sick in a hospital which the piety of Lucius had erected. The latter had recovered nearly all his wealth, and he was therefore in a position to accomplish this work of charity.

Thus the sons of martyrs culled fragrant flowers of virtue which bloomed on the plants irrigated by the blood of their fathers, who had laid down their lives for the truth.

THE END.

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## Legends of Passiontide.

**I**N the folk-lore and legends that have sprung up in every land regarding the various events of the day when Jesus died, there is a general tendency to connect those who witnessed the sacrifice on Calvary with early happenings in the life of the Saviour. Thus Dismas, the good thief, is said to have been the leader of a robber band who extended their hospitality to the Holy Family as they sped in fear and dread to Egypt. This legend is told in all lands with but slight variation. Joseph was very tired and wearied with a long day's journey when he, to his great joy, beheld a light which he supposed indicated an inn or caravansary, and he led the ass on which the Blessed Virgin rode right up to the entrance of the retreat of a band of robbers. As Joseph paused in dismay, the leader of the band came out, half in rage, half in fright; but the sight of the worn young Mother and the helpless Babe woke his pity and compassion, and he brought the wayfarers to his own quarters where his wife tended his two sons. One of the children was a leper; but when its mother washed it in the water in which Jesus had been bathed the child was restored to perfect health. The parents entertained their guests kindly, and when the time of parting came, Mary in prophetic words



addressed her host, "The Lord will reward thee on His right hand, and blot out thy sins." When the years had passed and the day of redemption came, Dismas was on the cross on the Saviour's right hand, and recognised in the weeping and broken-hearted Mary the young Mother who had been his guest long before in the desert; and he realised that it was her Son and his God that hung on the Cross beside him. He reprimanded his companion for his irreverence and rebuked the soldiers for their cruel treatment of Christ, telling them that it was the Son of God whom they persecuted; and for this he was stoned by the crowd and heard the blessed words, "This day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

It is a belief in all lands that the wood from which the Cross was fashioned grew in the garden of Eden; and one writer tells that when the first man came to die he begged Seth to procure a branch of the tree of life and plant it over his grave. The branch was given to Seth by an angel, and in time the sapling became a strong tree. It was cut down, and formed part of a bridge over the brook Kedron when the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon. She crossed this bridge, and saw in a vision Christ dying on the Passion Tree. She spoke of this to the wise king, and the plank was removed and buried deep in the earth by the orders of the monarch; but subsequently the holy pool of Bethaida rose above it, and it was not till the time of Christ's death approached that the buried wood rose to the surface. Then it was thrown aside, and lay unnoticed till the executioners required it.

The robin redbreast gained its popularity and its crimson breast when it sought to pluck one of the sharp thorns from the dying Saviour's brow. Previously the bird was of a uniform colour. Several plants and flowers, too, received some distinctive mark on that Friday. The holly gained its red berries, the rosemary put forth its leaves for the purpose of embalming the dead body of the Lord; the passion flower shows a corona of thorns and the nails that pierced Christ's hands and feet; the fuschia received a sprinkling of the blood that flowed so freely; and the aspen shakes yet on the stillest day because it stood erect and unpitying when the other forest trees bowed in sympathy in the Garden of Olivet as Jesus prayed in anguish there.

MAGDALEN ROCK.



## Provincial Jottings.

**Australia.**—The members of the missionary staff in Australia have been taking a well-earned rest after their hard and long labours of last year. During the last week of the old year Retreats were given by the Very Rev. Father Francis to the Sisters of Mercy at Gumedah, by the Very Rev. Father Reginald to the Sisters of Mercy, Monte Sant' Angelo, North Sydney, and by the Rev. Father Charles to the Sisters of Mercy, Singleton. Father Raphael was away on missionary duty at Bungendon, and Father Casimir at Crookwell.

January and February in Australia are generally too hot for missionary work. But, as Lent began early this year, the missionaries had to go out again earlier than usual. The list of missions arranged by the Pro-Provincial for February and March are as follow:—Feb. 11th-March 17th, Very Rev. Fathers Athanasius and Reginald, missions in Cooma and district. This is at the foot of Mt. Kosciusko and is called "the roof of Australia." Feb. 11th-25th, Very Rev. Father Edward and Father Charles, mission at Marrickville; March 3rd-31st, Fathers Francis and Charles, missions throughout Burwood parish. Marrickville and Burwood are prosperous and fast growing suburbs of Sydney. On March 3rd, Very Rev. Father Edward began a mission at Gumedah, borders of the great plains on the north of New South Wales. Father Edward spent the rest of the month giving missions in the Richmond parish, at the foot of the Blue Mountains. Father Leonard was very busy from March 17th until 31st with missions at Seven Hill in S. Australia. This is one of the prettiest spots in that State, and the site of the first settlement of the Jesuit Fathers in Australia. Other applications for missions were still coming in at the time of writing, and altogether the Fathers of the missionary staff are likely to have a very busy time during the year.

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**Ardayne, Belfast.**—The Confraternity of the Passion has now assumed very large proportions. Many new members were enrolled at one of the recent meetings, and,

on the Sunday following the enrolment, between 500 and 600 approached Holy Communion.

The Rector, Father Hubert, was lately the recipient of a handsome and useful present on the part of the Holy Cross Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. The President of the Conference, Brother Peter Mackle, in formally making the presentation, spoke of the deep respect in which Father Hubert is held not only by the members of the Conference but by the people of the parish, and referred to the success that attended the efforts of the Hospital Committee, who were the original organisers of the presentation. Father Hubert expressed the gratification he felt at the kindness of the members, and spoke in high terms of the earnestness and zeal they displayed in their work. Speeches were also made by Messrs. T. Boyle (vice-president), P. Duffin, and J. H. Carberry, hon. secretary.

Large congregations attended the course of sermons given recently by Father Bertrand, who subsequently left for Dublin to give the D.M.P. Retreat as well as the Retreat to the Confraternity of the Passion at Mount Argus.

The General Mission in Belfast, in which about twenty of the Passionist Fathers took part, was attended with great success.

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**St. Joseph's, Highgate.**—The Committee of the Catholic Federation have been very active during the winter months in providing entertainments for the people of the parish. These have been very popular, and well attended, and, as a result, the Committee were able to hand over to the Rector a sum of £40 towards the half-year's interest on the Church Debt Fund.

The course of Lenten Sermons preached on the Sunday nights by Father Rector was very well attended: especially on the Feast of St. Patrick, when he preached the Panegyric of the Saint.

A concert in aid of the Church Debt is being organised by the local Branch of the United Irish League, and will be given in the schools, April 26th. Several prominent artistes have been secured, and the concert promises to be a great success.



A Leap Year Ball is also being given in aid of the schools. It is being organised by a committee of gentlemen, and will take place in the Gate House Hotel, April 19th.

During the Lent Very Rev. Father Hilary and Father Herbert were engaged on missions in Belfast. Father Albert Phelan preached a mission at Bow for a fortnight. Father Rector gave Lenten Conferences on the Thursday evenings at The Convent, Bayswater.

The members of the choir of St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate, gave a concert on March 4th to the inmates of the Cornwallis Road Workhouse, Upper Holloway. Items were contributed by Mr. Egerton, Mr. Fred Smart, Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Heath, Mr. Seadon, Mr. Stuart. On the motion of Councillor Pettet, seconded by Mr. Lander, vice-chairman of the Board, a vote of thanks was accorded the choir.

The resignation of Father McKillop, C.P., as Catholic instructor, recently came before the Islington (London) Guardians. The matter was again referred to at the meeting of the Board recently, when the following letter from Father Malachy, C.P., of St. Joseph's Retreat, Highgate, was read:—

"According to your instruction of January 29th, I beg to nominate Father Robert Kelly as Catholic religious instructor at the two workhouses and infirmary under your charge, in succession to Father A. McKillop, resigned. Subject to your approval, this gentleman will be the official responsible to the Guardians.

"Permit me to call the attention of the Guardians to the fact that the remuneration which Father McKillop has received is scarcely in keeping with the services rendered. The infirmary requires constant attendance, and instructions are given twice a week in Cornwallis Road and once a week at St. John's. To carry out the duties efficiently would require the whole time of a clergyman, and I feel sure that the Guardians would not consider £1 per week sufficient remuneration for the constant service of a professional gentleman. I respectfully submit, therefore, that the Guardians should take this opportunity of considering the matter, and deal with the application for increase of remuneration in the same fair and

considerate manner in which they have recently treated the Nonconformist instructor, by increasing the sum to £100 per annum."

The committee recommended that the salary of Father Robert Kelly, Catholic religious instructor, be at the rate of £100 per annum, apportioned as to St. John's Road Workhouse, £40; Cornwallis Road Workhouse, £30; and the Infirmary, £30, subject to the sanction of the Local Government Board.—This was agreed to.

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**St. Mary's, Harborne.**—On March 8th, Mr. Anstruther, secretary of the C.T.S., gave an able lecture in St. Mary's Schools on "The Catholic Forward Movement." Although the weather was most inclement, there was a good attendance. The lecturer was introduced by the Rector, who also at the conclusion of the proceedings said a few suitable words of thanks and appreciation, and obtained from Mr. Anstruther the promise of another lecture. A goodly number of the C.T.S. publications were disposed of during the evening.

The Brothers of the Passion held their monthly meeting and put in a good attendance. Fr. Finbar addressed them on "Spiritual Sloth," noting its prevalence and dangers, its causes and the means to overcome it. A short Retreat will be given to the Brothers by Fr. Vicar during Holy Week.

The promenade concert and dance organised by Fr. Raymund took place on Shrove Tuesday at the Institute. The proceeds are in furtherance of the reduction of the debt on the new Retreat. The concert was praised on all sides for its array of talented artistes who so kindly lent their assistance and gave of their best.

Many demands have been made on the small community for missions and retreats. Frs. Bonaventure and Columban have been engaged in Belfast and Liverpool: Fr. Martin at Bedworth. Fr. Rector gave a most successful mission at Bollington (Cheshire). We subjoin the following extract from "The Macclesfield Courier":—"The mission has been a striking success from the first sermon to the last. Fr. Bruno Townsend, a member of the Passionist Order, came with a reputation of nearly a quarter of a



century from one of the most prominent Catholic churches in London. As was quite expected, that record was fully maintained by the eloquence, so simple yet so searching, of the sermons which he delivered each evening. This zealous missionary not only provided for the congregation as a body, but also made arrangements by which all the school children had opportunities of presenting themselves in the church and hearing his advice." Two more missions are to be preached by Fr. Rector—one in Oswestry, beginning on Passion Sunday, and one further north later in the year.

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**St. Anne's, Sutton.**—Owing to pressure on our space some interesting notes from Sutton were closed out last month. The principal event was the annual tea party and children's play. The drama, "Joan of Arc," was staged for the first time. The young players acquitted themselves with signal success and were greeted by the hearty plaudits of a delighted audience. The good Sisters of the Cross and Passion are to be congratulated on their training. The second part of the programme consisted of songs and dances, which were admirably rendered by the children. During the interval Fathers Rector and Theodore, with the members of the testimonial committee, assembled on the platform and an address and purse of sovereigns were presented to Mother Christina on the occasion of her retirement as head-mistress of the infants' school. In a brief address Fr. Rector referred to the long and honourable service of Mother Christina in St. Anne's. Fr. Theodore, in well-chosen words, replied on behalf of the good Sister. When the latter appeared and bowed her acknowledgements the roar of applause was deafening. It was an eloquent testimony to the popularity of Mother Christina and the self-sacrificing labours of the Sisters. The play was repeated on one of the following evenings.

While Fathers Vicar and Ambrose were engaged on the mission in Belfast, Fathers Rector and Stanislaus conducted a mission for the people of Sutton. This was exceptionally well attended, especially by the men who, owing to the coal strike, had much time on their hands and used it in the best of ways by attending

to their religious duties. The mission was a splendid success.

The people are suffering very keenly from the effects of the strike and great efforts are being made by the Fathers to relieve them: free breakfasts and dinners being given to large numbers, especially to the children attending the schools.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Thomas Fisher, an old and highly esteemed parishioner, for the repose of whose soul a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated in the presence of a large and representative congregation.

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**Mount Argus, Dublin.**—The annual retreat for the Dublin Metropolitan Police, which was conducted by the Rev. Fr. Bertrand, of Ardoyne, Belfast, was the best attended of any of those retreats so far given. The attendance, which has been increasing year by year, constituted a record this year. A new move, long contemplated, has been made with a view of giving permanence to the good of those retreats, and it is hoped that the Confraternity of the Passion established for the D.M.P. will soon be as great a success as the retreat itself.

The retreat for the Confraternity of the Passion and the general public, opened by Fr. Bertrand on March 17, was attended with the same fervour as in previous years. Many new members have been inscribed in the Confraternity of the Passion, and a large increase of the membership is expected as a result of this retreat. St. Patrick's Day, on which the retreat opened, was kept with special solemnity. High Mass was celebrated at 12 o'clock and the panegyric of the saint was preached in the evening by Fr. Bertrand.

The feast of St. Thomas Aquinas was observed with the customary solemnity, High Mass being celebrated in the morning, the music of which was sung by the students.

An exceptionally successful retreat was given by Frs. Ephram and James at Arklow. Fr. Vicar (William) and Fr. Berchmans took part in the General Mission at Belfast. Fr. Gerald preached the charity sermon for the Children's Hospital, Temple Street, in Clarendon Street Church on Passion Sunday. Fr. Joseph gave a retreat at the Trim Industrial School.